

THINK THIS OVER.

This Offer Should Gain the Confidence of the Most Skeptical.

We pay for all the medicine used during the trial, if our remedy fails to completely relieve you of constipation. We take all the risk. You are not obligated to us in any way whatever, if you accept our offer. That's a mighty broad statement, but we mean every word of it. Could anything be more fair for you?

A most scientific, common-sense treatment is Rexall Orderlies, which are eaten like candy. Their active principle is a recent scientific discovery that is odorless, colorless, and tasteless; very pronounced, gentle, and pleasant in action, and particularly agreeable in every way. This ingredient does not cause diarrhea, nausea, flatulence, griping, or other inconvenience. Rexall Orderlies are particularly good for children, aged and delicate persons.

If you suffer from chronic or habitual constipation, or the associate or dependent chronic ailments, we urge you to try Rexall Orderlies at our risk. Remember, you can get them only at our store. 12 tablets, 10 cents; 36 tablets, 25 cents; 80 tablets, 50 cents. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store. Z. T. Hinds, Cookeville, Tenn.

Walter, Oklahoma

I was reared in Tennessee, come to Lawton five years ago. I love my home state and I love the people. I have one sister, Mrs. Della Judd of Double Spring and two brothers, Ed and Dow Pippin of the same place, one dear uncle, Jim Pippin, and four of my aunts who seem near and dear to me. I bid them all Godspeed. I hope if I never meet with you all anymore I will meet you in Heaven where we never part.

I married Celia Barnes, daughter of Jesse Barnes, 21 years ago. We have five boys and are all in good health and getting along all right. This is a fine country. We will make the west our home.

We had with us one of Cookeville's preachers, at Walter, Bro. Price, who delivered some good sermons. Hope God will send him back again.

Bill Whitson, how are you getting along? I saw in the Herald where you were buying calves. A man came in my neighborhood a few days ago and in 6 hours bought over 300 head of calves and had them started on the road. Come out Bill where there is lots of trading going on. BOB PIPPIN.

Cure baby's croup, Willie's daily cuts and bruises, mama's sore throat, grandma's weakness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great household remedy.

Gainesboro R.I.

Health is very good in this part.

Rev. A. C. Morgan of Davidson was the guest of his sister Mrs. N. H. Whitaker Wednesday.

Miss Nell Gore left for Texas Thursday; A. G. Maxwell and family of Cookeville accompanied her.

School at Cedar Grove is progressing nicely under the care of Prof. Raggio Young.

Bro. Huffhines will preach at Pharris Chapel the third Sunday.

Ira Goodpasture and sister Miss Gertie of Hilham were guest of their cousin, Miss Ida Whitaker the first of the week.

Come often you black eyed chums as we enjoy your letters very much.

John Gore will address the people of Dotson Branch Thursday night on good roads why not every body vote for good roads.

Wake up you people of Chestnut Mound and give us the news.

Miss Maud Lynn is visiting her cousin Miss Ruthie Burris. Sweet Marie.



TIF YOU are grateful, say so. Thanksgiving is only half-thanksgiving till it blossoms into expression. Learn a lesson from the noble-hearted Indian, in whose village the missionary, passing through, had left a few pages of the gospel in the Indian tongue. Our Indian read and rejoiced. Measuring the missionary's footprint, he fitted it with magnificent moccasins, and traveled 200 miles to give them to the missionary as an expression of his gratitude. Thus the missionary was enriched by the present, but the Indian was enriched by the thanksgiving.

The best thanksgiving is a happy heart. Blossoms mean nothing on a dead stick. Once when the czar visited Paris the ingenious French, it being winter, fastened to the bare boughs of the trees innumerable paper flowers, very pretty as a spectacle, but very unworthy as a symbol, since they were false. Our praise will be quite valueless unless it is rooted in the daily life.

Train yourself to be grateful for the common blessings. There had been a great cotton famine in Lancashire, England. For lack of material to work upon, the mills had been idle for months, and there was great distress among the operatives. At last came the first wagon-load of cotton,

the earnest of returning opportunity to labor. With what new eyes did the people look upon that commonplace material! They met the wagon in an exultant procession. They hugged the bales. At last, moved by a common impulse, they broke out in the noble hymn, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." There are in every life a thousand blessings, now little noticed at all, of which if we were deprived, their return would be welcomed with equal transports.

But the going does not excuse us from the sending any more than sending excuses us from going. If giving still went by the rule of the tenth, as in the scriptural days, then ten average Christians could anywhere constitute themselves into a church and support a pastor; and twenty could support both a pastor and a missionary.

No work is done at its best until it is done in an atmosphere of thanksgiving. Beethoven understood this. He had his piano placed in the middle of a field, and there, under the smiling sky, with birds singing around him, flowers shining and grain glistening in the sun, the musician composed some of his great oratorios. Few of us can take our work into the fields; though all of us would carry lighter hearts if we would live more out of doors; but we can all of us surround our work with cheery atmosphere which our Father has breathed into all his works.

Elizabeth J. Jaquess

Elizabeth J. Jaquess (Lewis) of Munday, Tex., departed this life Nov. 9, 1911, being 78 years 11 months and 7 days old.

Was born in Virginia Dec. 2, 1832, left there when a child and came to East Tennessee. At the age of 16 she joined the M. E. church, South, in which she lived until the death angel called her home. In 1850, Dec. 19, she was married to Malcome M. Jaquess.

There were nine children born to this union of holy matrimony, eight of whom are yet living so far as we know. Soon after the marriage in 1851, they moved to middle Tennessee, where they raised their family and lived until 1897, when they came to Texas and have lived for the last several years in the community where she died, and had many warm friends there. Some who were friends in Tennessee, were there to wit: Russell Scithy and Oliver Lee, Tom Peek and family, Sampson Bartlett's family, Lee West, and Jeff Roberts, and I can't know how many more.

Five of the daughters and the writer were there during her last days; the writer arrived Tuesday night and she lived until Thursday evening. My father was sitting on the porch trying to look for me, but it was so dark he could not see me until I was in a few feet of him but when he spoke to me and mother heard my voice she knew me.

She was in her right mind until the last. She went to sleep about 2:20 a.m. Thursday morning and never woke up again. She died without a struggle or groan. It brought to our mind the song "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep," from which none ever wakes to weep. The Pastor of the M. E. church and Harvey Delaney, another old time Tennessee friend, preached the funeral at the M. E. church in Munday, Texas.

We then went to what is known as Johnson Cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest until God sees fit to have Gabriel blow the trumpet thus announcing that great and notable day of the Lord.

Our father is making his home with Mr. and Mrs. John Fleming, Munday, Texas. M. S. Jaquess.

Forty is too old for a man of 30 and too young for one of 50.

Herald Printing---Always Right

Are You a Woman?

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic